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THE TWO DESTINIES.

"TRAIN up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." This is the declaration of

perhaps, if minutely examined, they would not be found to be exceptions at all. It is scarcely possible to conceive of an



THE COURSE OF THE VICIOUS.

infallible wisdom, and the reverse is not less true. There may be apparent exceptions, but they are extremely rare, and,

object more lovely, more interesting, than an infant asleep in its cradle, or nestled in its mother's arms. But who is bold

enough to determine that infant's destiny? Hope and desire may be in lively exercise; but expectations the most sanguine, and desires the most ardent, have again and again been crushed

is laid to the account of natural disposition, much also to circumstances; but it is the office of the trainer so to cultivate those dispositions and to control those circumstances, that the



THE CAREER OF THE VIRTUOUS.

and disappointed, because the training has not been such as to bring those hopes and desires to a pleasing fruition. Much

child may become an intelligent, a happy, a useful member of the community. Without proper training—a training which

shall promote the development of the physical, the intellectual, and the moral powers,—natural dispositions will produce only wild and poisonous fruit, which circumstances will bring to fatal maturity.

We are led into these reflections by the two pictures our artist has placed before us. He has selected his illustrations from the working classes. They form a large and most important portion of the community, and on the manner in which their children are trained depends, very materially, the order and comfort of the whole population. We cannot conceal the fact that thousands of these receive no training at all, or are trained only for evil. We pass through our narrow streets and lanes, courts and alleys, and we find them crowded with dirty, ill-fed, miserably clad, squalid, wretched-looking children, idling away their time, or busy only for mischief; and we ascertain that they are, in almost every case, the offspring of thoughtless and neglectful, profligate and dissolute parents. Filth and miasma are their nursing mothers, profanity and irreligion their everyday companions. The father leaves them early in the morning to engage in his daily toil; his intervals of leisure he spends, for the most part, in the dram-shop; he rarely returns to his uncomfortable home till his children have gone to rest; and what training can they have from him who cares so little for them, or what profit can they derive from his example, so profligate and wicked? In consequence of the scanty pittance doled out by the selfish husband, the mother has, in many instances, to toil hard, either at home or abroad, to make out a living, and the instruction, the cleanliness, the comfort of her children, become only a secondary consideration, if it enters at all into her thoughts. Meanwhile the children grow up, increasingly ignorant and increasingly vicious, perpetuating the evils of their class, and inflicting serious injury on the whole community.

But we rejoice to know that this is very far from being a just description of the whole of our working population. Thanks to Providence, we have thousands of sober, honest, industrious mechanics, artisans and labourers, whose children are duly cared for, cleanly, decently clad, educated, taught useful employments, and placed in the way of becoming clever workmen, thriving tradesmen, respectable citizens. These, as far as the circumstances of the parents allow, are trained in the way they should go; their parents receive a rich reward, and the community is greatly benefited.

To return, however, to our pictures. The artist has placed two children, two courses, two destinies before us. Like Hogarth, the Frenchman has noted the peculiarities of his countrymen, and with a graphic pencil has endeavoured to show how the working man's way in the world is governed by his own determination and perseverance, founded, no doubt, upon the training he received in early life. The incidents in the life of such a man, whether he be a native of America, of England, or of France, do not differ materially. In every place there are temptations to evil and encouragements to virtue; and in every place prudence and resolution are required to avoid that which is evil and to follow that which is good.

“Look on this picture, and on that.”—In the one we behold the strong, hearty, cheerful-looking workman parting from his young wife, and proceeding to his daily toil; and she, a few minutes afterwards, is busied in those domestic employments which render home a comfort and a joy. In the other, the husband, whether intent on work or on pleasure we can scarcely tell, makes his first call to the dram-shop, while, in the next compartment, the wife is seen in the pawn-shop about to leave her wedding ring as a pledge, whether to purchase bread or for other purposes is somewhat equivocal, as is also the conduct of the young female her companion. On the right hand of the reader there are exhibited the comforts of domestic life: in the centre the grandmother with her daughter and grandchildren around her, and the husband hastening with eager steps to join the happy party; on the sides, the preparation for the mid-day meal, and the tired labourer enjoying his supper in the open air. But what a frightful contrast does the engraving on the left present! The sottish husband,

seated in a low public house, unshorn, drunk, and incapable; returning home at midnight; furious at finding his own door closed against him; his wretched wife and children cowering in terror; their only bed some straw scattered on the earthen floor; and as the result of all this selfish and brutal conduct, the poor distracted mother seeking for her infant the protection afforded by the Hospital for Foundlings. Mad with drink, this husband and father has committed some furious outrage, some brutal assault, and is about to be conveyed to a lonesome dungeon. The artist has left us to suppose that the man is sent to prison or to the galleys, and that, as the result, his wife and children are driven to seek a precarious livelihood either by begging, or by the sale of some trifling articles.

What a pleasing *dénouement* is presented on the right hand! The ingenious and skilful mechanic is industriously employed, as is also his eldest boy; his workshop presenting an appearance of neatness and order in every part; and, as the result of skill and industry, we find him at length a respectable employer, with his plans before him, giving instructions to persons in his employ, who, evidently, regard him with deep respect.

But through the medium of these pictures the artist becomes also a moralist. In every compartment is instruction, warning, or encouragement. In whatever country the lot of the working man is cast, idleness and profligacy will lead to disgrace, and want, and ruin; industry, forethought, and prudence will lead to comfort, to competence, to respectability. Philanthropists! strive to raise our working classes above the injurious influences by which they are surrounded. Parents! train up your children in the paths of sobriety, industry, and virtue, that they may be happy in themselves, a comfort to you, and a blessing to the land in which they dwell.

CRIME ORIGINATING IN A SENTIMENT OF CHARITY IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

The following singular anecdote is told of a princess of Mahaut, Countess of Artois and Burgundy, who constantly occupied herself in acts of charity to the poor and destitute. Endowed with a deep sensibility, she could not bear to see an unfortunate person without endeavouring to relieve him. More than once she got deeply into debt, and involved herself in pecuniary difficulties, to distribute alms to the poor, who flocked from all parts of France to partake of her liberality; and, like the good king Robert, she was always followed by six or seven hundred beggars, whom she fed and clothed, and who followed her in all her travels. The historian Gellut, who has given details on this subject, says: “It pleased God to send upon Burgundy a very dreadful famine, so that in the streets were heard piteous wailings, exclamations of distress, and little children crying out that they were dying of hunger. In addition to this, the winter was unusually severe, and the intense cold destroyed almost as many poor as the famine. It is easy to conceive that under these circumstances the ordinary attendance of the princess would be greatly increased, and such appears to have been the case. More than a thousand of these needy dependants upon her bounty had accompanied her this year to the village of Châtelenuet, near Artois, where she took up her residence, and generously supplied their wants. But when all her resources were exhausted; when she found she was herself in danger of starvation; when not a coin was left in her coffers, nor a jewel in her casket; after having shed many tears, she resorted to the following expedient, to avoid abandoning so large a multitude to the sad fate which awaited them in a time of great scarcity. One evening she had them closely shut up in her barn; and when she thought they were all asleep, she ordered the barn to be set on fire, and not a single one effected his escape. The historian who relates this circumstance without any expression of astonishment, satisfies himself with saying, “O cruel pity and severe kindness, which involves the most barbarous cruelty! O unmerciful mercy!” He does not state whether the princess had as numerous a body of followers the year after.